His GRACE the
Duke of Schomberge's

Character, according to the Ignorant Natives that

THE
Irish Papists in IRELAND

Have form'd of Him: Together, with ſome Old Propheſies, foretelling

THE
CONQUEST of that KINGDOM
BY THE
Protestant Army under his Grace's
COMMAND.

LICENSED, and Enter'd according to Order.

THE Antients never Deſign'd their *Heroes* for any great Work, but they endow'd him with Parts and Qualities proportionable to the attaining the end. Thus *Hercules* had ſtrength to ſupport the Pillars, and Courage to ſubdue the *Numidæan Lyon*. *Jupiter* ſlew a Serpent in the Cradle, and his Son *Mars* (Deſtin'd for no leſs than the God of War) lay Twenty Two Months in his Father's Thigh, before he was born, when leſs than Nine Months, ſometimes, would ſerve for the Production of Inferiour Gods and Goddeſſes.

Nor has this been the Theory of Former Times, but the Practice of all Ages ever ſince; as the Knights in our Legends, who muſt be always ſuppoſed to over-come the Gyant: This is moſt Fatal to the Credulous *Iriſh*, who are apter to believe Tradition than Truth; and the meaneſt Prieſt, before the boaſted Founder of their Church.

What Monſters have the *Iriſt*-Hiſtorians made their *Heber*, and their *Heremon*, the firſt Conquerors of *Ireland*; no leſs Prodigious than the Tales of *Bryan Boro*, and *Fin Mac. Hugle*; of whom a Learned *Bard* thus Elegantly Sings.

*Who never did his *Garran ride,*
But in the Compaſs of his ſtride.
*Whole *Rocks and Mountains he invirons,*
And Valleys were his Stirrup-Irons.

* Horſe.

* A great Rock in the County of *Gallaway*, near *Loughreach*, in the form of a Pillion, called *Fin Mac. Hugle's* Saddle.

The

The Character of this great General, his Grace the Duke of *Schomberg*, (according to the Notions they have formed of him in *Ireland*) is not yet less Prodigious, and goes down as currant, as the Legend of *Osullevan*. Whither begot out of Terrour, or Industriously given out by the Priests, to perswade the People to a voluntary Submission I know not; but it is as certainly believed, as it is reported, That he is in Stature Sixteen Foot high, with all parts proportionable. The form of a Shooe was made, and presented to the Army, that they might guess at the rest, *ex pede Herculem*. He is like *Achilles*, invulnerable; can stride over his Army like a *Rhodian Colossus*, and guard them from the Enemies-shot. His Mustaches, are like two *Barbers*-poles. His Beard White, and broad as the main Sail of a First-Rate-Ship; if it Rains, he can command his Army into close Order, and cover them with his Beard, as *Garragantua* did with his Tongue.

To make him Immortal, as he is Invulnerable, he is Reported to be three hundred years old, the age of *Nestor*; has Pistols will do execution six miles off; which keeps the Enemy at such a distance, that they dare not come within sixteen miles of his Camp: He can, like the *Lydian* Monster, stretch forth his Head, and snatch away Horse and Man out of the third Rank. When the Soldiers bring in a *Booty* of Cattle, they Report, he will take a Brace of Bullocks, toss them like two Oranges upon the palm of his Hands, and tell you within halfe a stone the weight of either. There are other things as Fooliſh as Fabulous, which they give out, and believe of this famous Warriour, to whom their fears have already assign'd the Conquest of that Kingdom.

To confirm this, There are Propheſies dispersed, which were writ in the Original Language one Thousand years ago:

The first was found in the Foundation of an old *Chappel*, in digging up the Trenches before *Dreghedah*: it was carefully layd up in an old Iron pot; The *Rolls* of Parchment, in which was with the Propheſies, inclos'd in an old Steel *Snuff-Box*. Thus translated:

In Eighty Nine, when Teague's *run down,*
* Kirk: *A* * *Church is fixt in* Dublin-Town.
‖ Talbot, Tyrconel. *The* ‖ *Dog shall fly before the* * *Bear,*
* Schomberg, ‖ K. Ja. *The* ‖ *Lyon hide himself for fear.*

As if this were enough to confirm their Jealousie, the Priests he lends his helping hand, and gives them a Cast of his office; digging in an old Vault in St. *Mary's* Abby in *Ostmon-Town*, *Dublin*, to bury a great Officer that was killed in the *Camp*; In an *Earthen* pot (as carefully layd up as the other) they found or made this Propheſie. In *Englisſh* thus:

Not Schomberg, *Shamrog more in fame,*
* Shamrogshric. *Shall long to* * Ireland *give a name;*
In Sixteen-Hundred-Eighty-Nine,
Schomberg-shire: Shamrog *to* Scomberg *shall Resigne,*
And from his Conquests, in that year,
Shall thence be Christned Schomberg-*Shire.*

Thus they make him their *Irish-Scanderbeg*, and not only frighten their *Children*, but their Armies with his name.

May their fears prove effectual; Their Propheſies come to pass, and speedy *Conquest* crown this Invincible Hero with Success.

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